DANGEROUS OCCUPATIONS:

MEN WHO RISK THEIR LIVES DAILY IN PURSUING THEIR ORDINARY AVOCATIONS

"Ad that a man hath," says inspired wisdom, "will he give for his life." Yet to one studying the risks taken every day in the ordinary course of business it must appear that human life is about the cheapest thing on the market. Not only is it dealt in on a wholesale scale by capitalists, who reckon on so many deaths for so many thousands of dollars spent in their undertakings, but it appears to be regarded as of no value by the men who take the risks. The workman asks no higher pay because he swings his pick in the constant companionship of death. He casts his lot at the market rate, and throws in a lottery ticket on his life for good measure.

Novelists and romancers in the life of the sea, but to sailors it is simply hard, grinding work for low pay. It is also full of danger, but the sailor does not worry about that. He is an irrepressible gambler, but the thing he grumbles about are poor food, poor quarters, "blood money," robbery by boarding-house keepers, and kicks and cuffs from mates. When he gets the order to lay out on the royal-yard, with the wind screaming through the rigging and the ship heeling until the spars seem ready to slip into the racing waves that rise furiously to meet it, he does not complain because he is risking his life for twenty-five dollars a month and a mess of moldy hard-tack and condemned beef. If he slips and disappears from human sight it is all in the day's work. He does feel, however, that he ought to have something like a fair chance, and if he comes to his death through a rotten foot-rope his surviving comrades may resent it. He has also been known to grumble on discovering that he has been sent to sea on a ship designed to sink for insurance.

A Lineman at Work.

The "bronco-buster" is an admirable subject for the artist, but it is the spectator who gets all the picturesqueness of his occupation. The human organism is wonderfully held together or the first jolt of a bucking bronco would shake it to pieces. But even the raw hide physique of a western cowboy can not withstand that fiendish battering for an hour at a time without serious consequences. Sooner or later the bronco-buster's maltreated internal organs give way, and he takes a premature departure from a world in which he might easily have lived for forty years longer if he had adopted some less arduous trade. But he may not live to reach even such an end as that. One slip and trampling hoofs may snuff out his life in the course of his first day's work.

The soldier in wartime takes a good many risks, but for the fireman it is always war. It is needless to recount the hazards of actual fire-fighting. These are generally appreciated—the hell of smoke and flame, the forlorn hopes among caving floors and falling walls, the rescue dashes through volcanic windows into craters of glowing coals, all strike the popular imagination like the soldier's battles. But the

A Toiler of the Sea.

fireman's dangers do not end with his battles. He is risking his life in less spectacular ways all the time. His mere exercises are hazardous. Sometimes he drops from a roof to test a safety-net. If he gets killed he has proved that the net is not satisfactory. Sometimes he has occasion to try a new extension ladder. If you have ever had to climb a ladder eighty or more feet high, resting against the side of a house, you know that the sensation is thrilling. But that is as commonplace as walking upstairs compared with the sensation of climbing a ladder that rests against nothing. The tremendous leverage puts a strain upon the lower end of the contrivance that will search out a flaw if there is any there, and a puff of wind may shift the center of gravity and capsize the whole apparatus.

Some years ago a good deal of attention was attracted to the heroism of a fire-engine driver who turned his galloping team against an elevated railway pillar to avoid running down some people in his way. His engine was wrecked, his horses were fatally injured, and he himself was killed. But exploits of that sort have ceased to be exceptional. It seems to be an understood thing that an engine-driver under such conditions shall save others by smashing his machine, not merely at the risk but at the almost certain sacrifice of his own life.

BREAKING A BUCKING BRONCO.

The soldier fights with the encouragement and support of his comrades; the policeman oftenest fights alone, but it is not always in fighting that the bluecoat takes his life in his hands. He goes within the fire-lines and helps the fireman to rescue women and children from burning houses. Let a team of fear-crazed horses come careering down a park drive, scattering nurse maids and sending pedestrians scurrying for shelter, and a moment later a mounted policeman will be seen galloping in pursuit. He gains on the flying runaways, and as he creeps past them inch by inch he leans over, and reaches for a bit. Unless he is dragged out of the saddle and trampled under the hoofs of the frightened brutes his tally of lives saved receives some additions.

Sometimes it is not a mounted policeman, but a "bike-cop" who performs this feat. As he reaches the head of the runaway he rises on his pedals, kicks his machine away from him, and hangs dragging on the bit. In that courage seems to have reached its high-water mark. It is hard to imagine what could be beyond it.

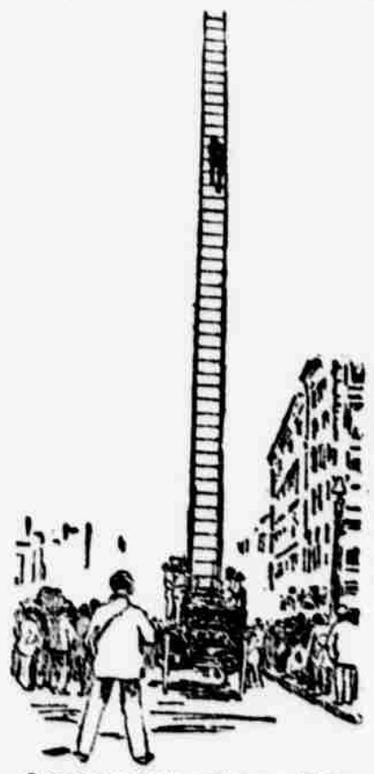
The steeple-jack leads a merry life, and sometimes a short one. He likes to play with death, and sometimes for the amusement of the spectators below he will stand on his head or extend himself by his arms at two hundred feet from the ground, but he is not quite as careless as he looks. He never moves a hand or a foot without knowing exactly where he is going to put it. Long habit has disciplined every muscle. An ordinary man is subject to involuntary movements—the unconscious reflections of external stimuli. When he hears a noise he starts; if anything drops on his fingers he jerks them away. That would be fatal in the business of steeple-climbing. If the steeple-jack should jump when he heard a noise, or snatch away the hand that supported him if a hammer fell on it, he would make his next trip in an ambulance. With him every movement is under control of his will. He knows the strength of every bolt and every rope to which he is to trust his weight, and still with all his precautions he is continually in the shadow of death.

While some men hunt for danger on the heights others look for it in the depths. The naked native who dives for pearls in the Vermilion sea or on the banks of Ceylon is in peril from sharks, devil-fish and the revolt of outraged nature, that sends the blood gushing from ears to nose when the limit of endurance is crowded too far. But his risks are trivial compared with those taken by the civilized diver who penetrates the abysses of the sea for day-wages. His life is absolutely dependent upon uninterrupted communication with his helpers above. Not only the shark and the devil-fish, but the smallest creature that can cut his air-hose may sentence him to a death that no human power can avert. He winds through the tortuous recesses of sunken hulks, trailing his life line and air-hose behind him, and if one of them tangles itself about a splinter or a clump of clinging seaweed the diver may join the ghastly company of skeletons, grinning at him in the cabin of the wreck. There is no chance for him to save himself by swimming if anything goes wrong. Anchored down by his copper helmet and eighty pounds of lead in his shoes, he must wait for the last judgment where his broken air-pipe leaves him.

Sinkiewicz found the climax of one of his greatest scenes in a wrestling-match, in Rome, between a man and a bull. There are athletes in America to-day who are willing to take the risks of such contests whenever called upon, and no feats of horsemanship in a Roman arena ever surpassed those that are performed by American cavalry troopers, both in the regulars and in the national guard.

The dangers of railroad-workers have been diminished of late years through the general introduction of safety appliances, but they are still greater than those of a soldier in the field. In the year 1900 two thousand one hundred and fifty employes were killed on the railroads of the United States, and thirty-six thousand six hundred and forty-three were wounded. On an average the American railway system demands the lives of eight of its workers, and maims a hundred more every day in the year. That is exclusive, of course, of the smaller slaughter of passengers, and takes no account of the substantial contribution made to the lists of dead and wounded by the trolley lines. In five years American railroads killed over ten thousand of their men, and wounded over one hundred and sixty thousand. Compared with that record the casualty lists of the Spanish, the Philippine and South African wars fade into insignificance.

The roll of dangerous occupations is endless. And nowhere does a vacation seem any less popular because it involves the risk of death. Men may strike for higher wages, for comfort, for shorter hours, for points of punctilio, for any one of a thousand things, but nobody ever strikes for safety. Indeed the tendency is often precisely the other way. In England, a generation or so ago, some reformers learned with horror that the operatives in certain factories were working under conditions that destroyed their lungs and left them on an average only half a dozen years of life. In their effort to stop this sacrifice they found their most persistent opponents among the men they were trying to benefit. These men were willing to die, but they were not willing to invite competition by making their vocation attractive to the crowd. It is the philanthropists outside who try to mitigate the risks of the dangerous occupations—you never hear of such a movement on the part of those whose lives are risked in them.



One of the Risks a Fireman Takes.

Cow Kisses Woman in Court.

As a sequel to disputed ownership of a Jersey cow claimed by Mrs. Emma Houghman of Omaha, Police Judge King of South Omaha has bound over Charles Epstine for trial in the district court on the charge of theft.

Epstine had no proof of ownership other than his word. Mrs. Houghman asked that the cow be brought into court. The Court consented. As soon as the sleek looking Jersey appeared Mrs. Houghton called it by an endearing name and the cow walked up to her and kissed her. Three times the experiment was tried, and the cow each time rubbed her nose against Mrs. Houghton's face. Mrs. Houghman explained that she had taught the cow to do this. Justice of Peace P. C. Caldwell gave possession to Mrs. Houghman.

MIGHT BE GOOD IDEA.

Why Professor Advocated Changes in College Curriculum.

"Gentlemen," said the college president to his confreres at the annual meeting of the Amalgamated Association of Advanced Educators, "gentlemen, I have a novel idea to suggest to you."

"Nothing Chicagoesque, I hope?" said the editor from the coast.

"No," said the first speaker. "It is something decidedly practical."

"I object," cried the chief subscription gatherer from the city on the lakes.

"The objection is turned down," said the chairman. "Proceed, brother."

"My scheme," said the first speaker, "is to add an extra course to the usual curriculum. I would call it the football course, and devote the first six weeks of the college year to it."

"Good," said the president from New Jersey.

"It would be an optional course," the first speaker continued, "and those who didn't take it up would have nothing to do save to look on while the others demonstrated their familiarity with the study. Then I would have the regular academic course begin on Dec. 1."

"And why," inquired the advanced educator from the far south, "and why do you suggest this change?"

"Because," replied the first speaker, "because there's nothing doing in the old school until the whistle blows on the last half of the last game of the season. That's why."

Whereupon the educators adjourned to think it over.

HIS PLEA A FAILURE.

Senator's Efforts to Boom Western Town Not Successful.

Senator Beveridge lived in Kansas for a while after he graduated from college. When the old-time land boomers get to spinning yarns, says the Washington Post, the young Hoosier has one or two himself. When he alighted from the train at Alva, Okla., during his late southwestern trip, he was grasped by the hand, and some one exclaimed:

"Well, Senator, do you know where I saw you the last time? In a settler's wagon over near Dighton, Kan., by golly!"

"I wrote the first boom circular for the country over there," said Mr. Beveridge. "Soil four feet deep, abundant rainfall, and all that sort of thing. There was a lively business in that vicinity for a time. The soil was really splendid for agricultural purposes. I was in partnership with a man named McClellan. Mac and I worked hard to develop that part of the state."

"Flourishing community now?" asked those who had heard the senator's vivid western story.

"No," he replied with a dejected air that would discourage a triple statehood boom. "Just ranch land."

Not a Mere Chat.

Secretary Root invited two men who know much about the Philippines to breakfast with him at the Arlington a day or two ago, so they might have a talk about the archipelago. The secretary was absent-minded when he came down stairs and he went to the dining room and breakfasted alone. Then he came out into the lobby and found his two friends waiting.

"Why, good morning," said the secretary. "Come right along to the office and we can talk matters over."

The two men thought this meant that the secretary wanted to have a short talk with them before breakfast and they went along without protest. When they reached the office they sat down and talked until 2 o'clock. Then the secretary thanked them and bade them good-by. Five minutes later two hungry men dashed madly into the nearest restaurant and ordered nearly everything in sight. Next day Secretar Root remembered and spent half the forenoon hunting up his friends and apologizing profusely.

Paddy Found the Third.

A London mechanic, with the intention of enjoying a practical joke, pasted the figures of two donkeys on the dead wall opposite to his work shop. Under these figures he had written in large letters: "When shall we three meet again?"

The idea of this, it need hardly be explained, was to presuppose that whoever should stand to read the inscription was the third donkey. He then retired to his shop, from which he could see how the bait would take.

It was not long until a man coming by stopped and stood gazing in perplexity at the two donkeys and the inscription. The mechanic was elated at the manner in which his brilliant joke had worked. He burst into a fit of loud and hearty laughter, which soon, however, subsided when the man quietly turned round and scornfully exclaimed:

"Bedad, I was all along wondherin' where the other one was."

Answered the Description.

He was dining at a foreign hotel, when a detective approached and said:

"Beg pardon, sir, I am in search of an escaped convict, and shall have to trouble you for your passport as a matter of form."

"But do I look like a convict?"

"Possibly not, sir. Still, I shall require to see the passport."

The Englishman, in his annoyance, snatched up the bill of fare from the table, thrust it in the detective's hand, and exclaimed:

"There it is, then!"

"What is this? 'Sheep's head, neck of mutton, pig's feet.' The description tallies exactly; you must come along with me."

LITTLE FOLKS

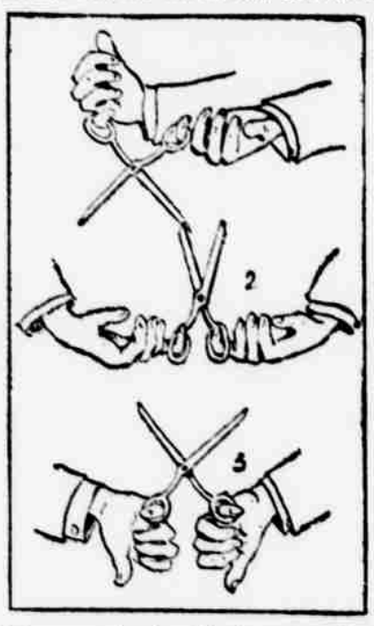
A New Scissors Feat.

Take a pair of scissors (not too large) and hang them on your little finger, as shown in Fig. 1.

The trick is to throw them upward and toward you in such a manner that when you have brought the backs of your hands together the blades will be pointing upward, as in Fig. 3.

This is another of those seemingly simple tricks, but a key is required to unlock it, as you will find by repeated experiments before it is given you.

When you have hung the scissors as explained above, simply throw them upward and toward you, with the hands held open and placed together in such a way that when the scissors reach them they (the scissors) will rest on the hands for an instant. In this position only the first joints of the little fingers will be in the scissors, as you will observe in Fig. 2. Now



bring your hands still closer together and roll your knuckles outward, bringing your hands toward you till the backs meet, then downward, outward and upward, and the scissors, if you have mastered the trick, will turn blades upward as already explained in Fig. 3.

In handling the scissors be careful that no one gets hurt by carelessly tossing them toward their eyes or face, as some are apt to do unless warned.

Faithful Dog's Reward.

Prince, a collie dog of Brooklyn, recently ate a porterhouse steak, the reward for his sagacity in giving the alarm when fire started in his master's big stable.

Fifty cows and ten horses were in the stable, and it has been Prince's duty to guard them. When he smelled smoke he ran to Levine's house, 300 feet away, and awakened him by barking. Levine turned in an alarm and rescued the horses and cows. The building was destroyed.

Novel Spelling Match.

Line up the players in a semicircle and let the person at the head give the first letter of a word say, "D," thinking of "dance," and the next one, probably thinking of "dunce," say "u." The third with "dull" or "dulce" in mind, says "l," and the fourth, not being so very quick, finishes the complete word with another "l." He is then sent down to the foot, to stay until the next one finishing a word comes below him.

The object is to keep from adding the letter which finishes a word. It takes some ingenuity to do this. Suppose the word "France is thought of, and it is spelled to the "c," someone calls out "foot," and the speller of "franc" must go. "Q" is a difficult letter with which to start a word. "U," of course, must follow and then "a" is given for "Quaker." The next one may say "c" for "quack," and there is no getting out of it for the next one, as nothing but "k" can be added.

Supposing, though, that the fourth thinks of "Quaker" and says "e," and is at once sent to the foot, as he has completed the word "quake."

Word Pastimes.

Here are a few suggestions for a pleasant and profitable evening's entertainment:

First—Make a list, from memory, of words that are pronounced alike, but spelled differently. Fix the time limit at, say, thirty minutes, when the lists are handed in and the boy or girl having the longest list wins a prize. Examples: Bale, bail; bate, bait; faint, feint; fane, fain, feign; vane, vein; wave, waive.

Second—Make a list, from memory, of words that are accented on the first syllable as nouns, but on the second syllable as verbs. Same time limit, and the longest list wins the prize. Examples: Affix, compound, conflict, escort, export, insult, survey, transfer.

Third—Make a list, from memory, of words that are spelled alike, but pronounced differently. Same time limit, and the prize awarded as before. Examples: Courtesy, does, gill, lead, learned, live, poll, read, slough, tear, wind, wound.

Where the Wind Comes From.

How many boys and girls know how to find the direction of the wind? Of course, if it were blowing a gale anyone could tell, but suppose only a gentle breeze were stirring—hardly enough to make the fickle weathercock decide which way to point—then what would you do?

In such a case a woodman or hunter will thrust one finger into his mouth, wetting it well, and then hold it up in the air. The side which feels coldest shows from which direction the wind comes. The reason of this is plain, the more rapid movement of the air from one direction causes the moisture on that side of the finger to dry more quickly, thus giving the sensation of coolness.

Home-Made Snowshoes.

Each shoe consists of two barrel staves set far enough apart to allow the sole of an old shoe to rest between them.

The slipper is screwed firmly to the second cross stick. The back part of the slipper is allowed to rest upon and is fastened to the network made of clothesline or any other kind of small rope.

The rope is strung through holes made in the sides of the staves, which

FIG I

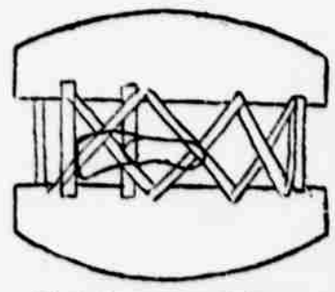
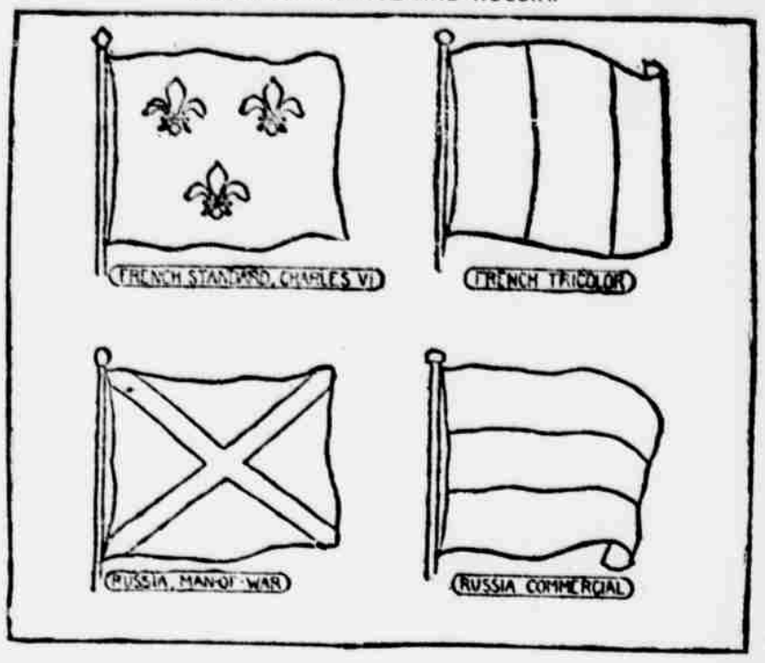


FIG II

have been bored with a red-hot iron. These shoes can also be used in traveling over boggy ground in the summer.

FLAGS OF FRANCE AND RUSSIA.



Above are two of the flags of France; the first, the standard of Charles the Sixth, being a very old flag, while the other is the modern French tricolor.

The flag shown here is one which was in use in the 14th century. It is blue, with yellow fleur-de-lys.

The well-known tricolor of France dates from the French revolution, and came into existence in 1789. It has, except for a short period, been the flag of France for over a century, although it underwent a few changes before it settled down to its present form.

The stripe near the flagpole is blue, the center one white and the end red.

Below we see two of the Russian flags, the first the sign of the Russian man-of-war. It bears upon a white field the cross of St. Andrew in blue, St. Andrew being the patron saint of Russia, as well as of Scotland. The Russians believe that it was he who brought the doctrines of Christianity into their midst.

The flag of the Russian merchant service is a tricolor, or three-colored flag, with the top stripe white, the middle one blue and the lower red.

It dates from the time of Peter the Great, and was originally borrowed from the Dutch, although now the stripes are differently placed. Paint the pictures.